in from the cold

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in from the cold

by peacefrog

Summary

> “He’s sick,” Will said, recalling the way his father had come home seething after his last visit with Dr. Lecter. “And he can’t stop you from seeing me. I’m eighteen now.”
>
> “You’ve had a birthday, then.”
>
> “Yes.” Will moved closer to Hannibal on the chaise, pressing himself right up against the hard muscle of Hannibal’s shoulder. “I saw the way you looked at me that last time you came for dinner.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will shivered, soaking wet from the storm raging just outside. He knocked twice on Hannibal's office door, hugging himself tight while he waited for it to open.

Hannibal was undoubtedly concerned when he saw Will standing there. "Will, is everything alright?" Hannibal took Will by the arm and ushered him inside. "You shouldn't be out in this weather. You're freezing."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Lecter," Will said, following Hannibal into the office, a puddle forming on the floor where he stopped. "I had to come."

"I don't have a towel I'm afraid, but I'll fetch you a blanket. Take off your coat and shoes, I won't be a moment."

Hannibal returned with the blanket and sat Will down on the chaise. He wrapped it around his shoulders and stared at him in concern. "Why are you here, Will?"

"Are you expecting anymore patients today?"

"I've just seen my last one for the day. Is this about your father?"

"No, I…" Will shuddered beneath the blanket, more from nerves now than the cold. "I can't stop thinking about you."

Hannibal cocked his head, listening with intent, although he did not speak.

"I know I haven't seen you in weeks. Dad's doing worse now than before. He doesn't leave his room for days at a time."

"Your father was very adamant that I not have any contact with either of you after his last appointment."

"He's sick," Will said, recalling the way his father had come home seething after his last visit with Dr. Lecter. "And he can't stop you from seeing me. I'm eighteen now."

"You've had a birthday, then."

"Yes." Will moved closer to Hannibal on the chaise, pressing himself right up against the hard muscle of Hannibal's shoulder. "I saw the way you looked at me that last time you came for dinner."

"How was I looking at you?" Hannibal's tone was even and calm, his face placid and unreadable.

"The same way I was looking at you. Like you wanted to touch me. Like you wanted to even though you knew you couldn't." Will shucked the blanket off, gazing at Hannibal wide-eyed through his fringe of dripping curls. "I've been… I've been touching myself thinking about you."

“Will.” Hannibal’s tone was a firm warning, but the way his lips formed Will’s name, the way his voice almost shook, betrayed him. “Why are you here?”

“I’ve never been touched before. I’ve never been... fucked before. But I’ve been fucking myself with my fingers thinking of you. Imagining it’s you inside me.”

A hairline crack showed in Hannibal’s calm demeanor. He shifted next to Will, hands fidgeting where they were clasped in his lap. “This is very inappropriate,” he said.

“I did it again tonight. Didn’t even touch my cock, I just rode my fingers and pictured you filling me up.” Will gripped Hannibal’s thigh, fingers digging into flesh. “Then I knew I had to come here. I knew I had to see you.”

Hannibal’s lips upturned in a snarl. He locked his fingers firmly around Will’s wrist, but didn’t pull his hand away. “You’ve been a very naughty boy, Will,” he said. “What are we to do about that?”

“I’m wet and open right now,” Will panted out against Hannibal’s lips, face flushed, no longer registering the chill against his skin. “I’m open and ready for you… daddy.”

“So very naughty,” Hannibal purred, lips dragging right up against Will’s own. “Coming here unannounced, saying such filthy things.” Hannibal inhaled sharply through his nose, shuddering as he exhaled. “Is daddy going to have to punish you?”

“Yes.” Will’s hand moved up Hannibal’s thigh, coming to rest against the growing bulge in his slacks. “I think he is.”

There was a wild flash in Hannibal’s eyes. He gripped Will hard by the nape and kissed him with fervent desire, hunger pouring from his lips. Warm fingers skimmed Will’s chest as Hannibal blindly worked open the buttons on his soaking wet shirt.

“Has your father ever spanked you, Will?” Hannibal asked, tearing Will’s shirt from his arms.

“Not since I was a child.”

Hannibal curled his fingers around Will’s neck, squeezing just hard enough to elicit a hitch in Will’s breath. “Remove your pants and underwear, then lie across my lap.”

Will peeled his jeans away from his legs, discarding them along with his boxers on the floor. He was chilled by the air instantly, but warmed to the bone as he draped himself face-down across Hannibal’s lap. Hannibal’s hardness prodded into his belly, and his own ached where it lay pressed between them.

Will startled at the first press of Hannibal’s palm to the cool skin of his ass. He squeezed his cheeks and spread them wide. “You are ready for me,” he said. “Tell me, did you come at home while you prepared yourself.”

“No,” Will croaked, “I almost did, but I wanted to save it for you this time.”

“Mmm,” Hannibal purred, soothing a hand up to Will’s lower back, then down again. “Such a dirty, filthy boy you are.”

Hannibal raised his hand and brought it down against Will's ass, just hard enough to sting. He rubbed over the spot soothingly with his palm before bringing it down again, this time harder than before. He spanked Will’s supple cheeks until they burned. Will imagined they were the brightest shade of cherry red. His cock throbbed as he rutted against Hannibal’s leg.

Will arched his back as the warmth of Hannibal’s fingers ghosted over his hole. “Did you bring lubrication with you, Will? Did you come that prepared to get what you wanted from me?”

“In my jeans,” Will huffed out. “Condoms, too.”

Hannibal reached down retrieved the lubrication from the soaking pile on the floor. He popped the cap and drizzled an ample stream down Will’s crack. He wasted no time pushing two thick fingers into Will’s hole. He fucked them in slow and deep, in and out, stopping on every down stroke to rub around Will’s prostate.

“Have you learned the perfect angle to hit that sweet spot inside, Will? Have you learned how to make yourself come from that alone?”

Will whined and pressed back onto Hannibal’s fingers. “Fuck me, Dr. Lecter.”

“Not one for manners, are we?”

“Please,” Will cried out as Hannibal massaged his prostate, unrelenting. “Hannibal, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please… daddy, please.”

“Hands and knees, ass in the air like a good boy.”

Will got to his feet and Hannibal removed his jacket. He rolled up his sleeves as Will positioned himself on the chaise, pressing his face into the cushion and arching his back, thighs spread wide, hole exposed in wanton invitation.

Hannibal didn’t bother removing his pants, undoing his fly and shoving them down just low enough to get his cock out. He sheathed himself with a condom from Will’s jeans and slicked himself with lubrication. He gripped Will’s hips and lined himself up, roughly shoving into Will’s slick, open hole with one hard snap of his hips.

“How long you have tempted me,” Hannibal groaned, fucking Will to the hilt, the sound of slapping skin echoing across the room. “How many nights I’ve gone home and thought of you coming undone beneath me.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Will cried, pleasure biting him marrow-deep as Hannibal fucked, rough and relentless.

“Forbidden fruit, my darling Will. It should be allowed to ripen on the vine.” Hannibal slipped out and teased Will’s sloppy hole with his cock head before pushing back in.

“Is this how you imagined it? Did you imagine being this full?”

“No,” Will gasped, clutching at his own hair. “I never knew it could feel this good. You're so big. So deep inside.”

“Come for me, Will” Hannibal demanded, grip strong and firm against Will’s hips, slamming into him hard enough to bruise. “Come on daddy’s cock like a good boy.”

Hannibal angled Will’s hips up, hitting his prostate with each deep thrust, his thickness spearing Will in two. Will’s cock dripped onto the chaise below, throbbing as Hannibal threaded one strong hand into the hair at his nape. He tugged hard, sweat falling from his brow onto Will’s back, and Will felt his orgasm bubbling over the edge.

He came with a muffled sob into the cushion beneath him, spilling his release in hot spurts that seemed to never end. Hannibal’s hips faltered and he filled the condom with a deep, rumbling groan.

Will collapsed onto the chaise. Hannibal perched on the edge, panting and tying the condom off. He got to his feet to discard it in the trash, then returned to Will, pulling his head into his lap.

“I don’t wanna go home tonight,” Will said, curling into Hannibal’s side.

Hannibal reached for the blanket and draped it over Will, covering him from foot to shoulder. “I have a spare room,” he said, “but I would prefer to have you in my bed.”

Will smiled and buried his face in Hannibal’s lap, safety and warmth coiling around him like an old friend, finally brought in from the cold.

End Notes

original prompt on tumblr here.

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